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THE WEEK	555
WHAT HUNGER DOES	James Wood Johnson 558
NOTES ON FASCISM II	Georges Bernanos 560
IN ACTION WITH GIRAUD	J. Paar-Cabrera 562
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	Michael Williams 565
COMMUNICATIONS	566
THE STAGE	James N. Vaughan 567
THE SCREEN	Philip T. Hartung 568
EDITORS' CHOICE	569

America, Russia and the Communist Party in the Post-War World—The Life of Johnny Reb—Farming for Security

MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK	571
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The Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy—Whistler—The Voice of the Trumpet—Tilda—A Surgeon's Fight to Rebuild Men—The Dickens Digest

THE INNER FORUM	573
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Discuss It Now

THE CRUCIAL POINTS in any post-war debate have to do with yielding some national sovereignty and participating in enforcement of peace. No federation or world government can be worthy of the name unless it is empowered to act itself in the interests of all constituent nations and peoples. This means that at least in certain matters the United States and other members would cede a certain degree of sovereignty to the new world body in which they are represented. If we and other countries retain full freedom of independent action, the new organization will disclose its weakness the first time any real conflict of interest arises. Short sightedly retaining sovereignty implies balance of power politics and inevitable wars. Now that the world has grown so small Americans will have to see that freedom can be won only if binding engagements to participate in maintaining the peace become an integral part of our desperate struggle. General Wavell once spoke wistfully of the "world we could make if we put into peace endeavors the same energy, the same sacrifice and cooperation as we use in the wastefulness of war."

And if the new world organization is to be empowered to act in the name of its constituent member nations, it must have at its disposal the means to enforce decisions made in the name of all. Especially needed are the instruments for preventing a would-be aggressor from launching an-

other conflict. It has long been the logical French thesis that collective security meant an international police force. Whether this takes the form of a series of regional air armadas or involves large numbers of men, tanks and ships too, the conclusion seems unavoidable. The new international force must be so powerful that never again can a "foreign adventure" look to be a 50-50 gamble. Acceptance of such general principles by the American people does not blind us to the fact that to achieve a workable implementation of them is a long, hard, intricate task. It merely recognizes the importance of subscribing to those principles at this stage in the war against oppression.

The five-point Senate Resolution introduced by Democrats Hill and Hatch and Republicans Ball and Burton sets a remarkable precedent despite the opposition it is arousing. It is particularly noteworthy as a bi-partisan contribution on the part of our treaty-ratifying body. It seems to go beyond the present Administration intentions of limiting post-war discussions to the food and economic sectors. Its author frankly recognizes that it can be improved and asks for specifications. Republican Party Chairman Spangler's contention that the American people will refuse to agree to limiting their sovereignty and the talk around Washington about widespread opposition to an international police force are bad omens.

Worst of all is the sentiment that we should not discuss these questions now, as that would unnecessarily produce dissension among the Allies and interfere with the prosecution of the war. On the contrary the knowledge that we were working out together the settlements and institutions that will insure stability and peace would provide a powerful impetus to our efforts on every front at home and overseas. Confusion and ignorance as to our positive war objectives persist—grave doubts continue to assail us. But while we are still at war we are willing to agree to national sacrifices for the common good. This is precisely the time that we must convince our Allies and the peoples of the world that we are in the struggle for freedom and security to stay.

Russia, Politically

LAST WEEK, we discussed the religious situation in Russia, pointing out that the changes we are witnessing represent a considerable relaxation, or easing-off, in the anti-religious policy of the government, and at the same time a use of the Church by the State, much after the pattern of Czarist days.

The general political situation is a different matter; it seems to depend upon three factors, which are in constant inter-play; two of them more or less permanent, and the third more or less temporary. In any appraisal of Soviet action all three factors must be taken into account, and forgetting

[555]

any one of them is likely to lead to mystification. These three factors must also be taken into account in judging the utterances of Allied statesmen and politicians on the subject of Russia. Two of the three frequently are in conflict; the crucial question in such cases of conflict is to determine, in each instance, which factor will have the heavier weight. This is by no means easy, for we often do not have enough information to make firm judgments. Here are the three elements in every question:

(1) Russia is a nation which has pursued much the same foreign policy since the days of Peter the Great. It has not been absolutely uniform, but it has been more uniform than the policy of any other continental European power. The Revolution represented only a temporary, if any, break with this historic policy. Very briefly stated, this policy is to expand eastward while trying to secure the best possible insurance policy on Russia's western frontiers—which in the past has always meant moving those frontiers far enough west to make possible a defense in depth against any attack.

(2) Russia is a communist State. One paramount assumption of communist doctrine and practice is the desirability of World Revolution, and the moral necessity for the Soviet Government to promote this revolution in other countries.

(3) The temporary factor is that, given the military picture, Russia is not free to act exactly as she desires. She has still to reckon with the main bulk of the German Armies. This is very often forgotten, especially during days when the news from Russia is good.

In America we are confronted with a situation which is pregnant with danger—the increasing feeling against Russia on political grounds. How to deal with this cannot be discussed here, but a significant new note deserves recording. The profound antipathy aroused in American non-communist circles most friendly to the Russian political system by the recent announcement of the execution of Alter and Ehrlich is symptomatic. Both men were Poles, and “social democrats,” and both would have been likely to resent any change in Poland's post-war frontiers. Therefore, they looked like obstacles to the traditional foreign policy. At the same time, they were enemies of the Russian Communist Party, having had personal experience of it through former close association with its leaders. And their execution has had a tremendous political impact in America—an impact far too little noticed.

The significance of this is an access of strength to anti-Russian feeling in this country. This feeling is held in check by the magnificent military achievement of the Russian Army. But it is a deep underlying feeling, and one of which we need to be aware, with which we must try to deal, for it can lead to tragedy.

Hold Your Hats!

THERE is no use pretending that all is well on the home front. The fight against inflation and a soaring cost of living seems to be entering the crucial, knock-down-drag-out stage, and already there have been bad setbacks in several sectors.

Eyebrows waving and epithets crackling, the violent figure of John L. Lewis charges headlong to a frontal attack on the War Labor Board's Little Steel formula for a 15% wage increase over levels of January, 1941. Having pointed out that the cost of living has risen 20% since that time, labor members of WLB have joined this attack, and there is some danger that they may resign and the Board collapse, as the National Labor Mediation Board collapsed in 1941 over the closed shop issue in the “captive mines.” The vengefully anti-Roosevelt Lewis no longer throws the weight in labor policy-making that he threw then, but even more responsible labor leaders are sensitive to pressure from the rank-and-file for higher pay.

At this critical juncture, to make things very much worse, Congress has apparently rolled over and quit. There was some question about the justice of the Bankhead Bill, which will raise corn and wheat prices 10 to 20%. In any case the Administration decided not to fight, and the bill waltzed through the Senate 78 to 2. And there is a thing called the Pace Bill gathering speed that fixes to raise all farm prices from 12% up. Between them they would boost the cost of living about 10% more, as calculated by the editors of *Business Week*.

The Administration did decide to fight on the Disney Bill rider to revoke the President's \$25,000 salary limitation. And the Administration lost: 212 to 145 on the crucial vote in the House (40 Democrats voting with the majority and nine Republicans with the minority), which seems to be the approximate margin by which reactionary elements control the present House of Representatives. It is also an indication of how friendly a reception Congress can be expected to give the President's forward-looking proposals for post-war reconstruction and social security.

At one time there were many in the ranks of labor who thought that possibly American workers must resign themselves to pulling the belt in a notch or two. But now it looks as though the farmers were sure of getting theirs and the industrialists of getting theirs, and that industrial labor alone will be left to honor the memory of that noble phrase, “equality of sacrifice.” To say that we or anyone else expect labor to take it lying down would only be the most romantic kind of wishful-thinking. Nevertheless, we cannot face the idea of a general coal strike with anything less than horror and dismay.

But what a strange way to fight a war! And what a strange and stupid way to fight inflation!

By the People

IT DOES not seem to occur to people who write about France that there are still stenographers in France; there are still offices; there are women who work in offices and the typewriters make the same sound that they do here; there is no use trying to imagine what the girls eat at lunch hour but still they must eat something and still when the day is done there is the concierge to the left as you enter the apartment house and still there are the stairs to climb and the bedroom with the photographs on the table. There is still night, silence and sleep. There are the hostages who are dead, and the prisoners in German camps who are dying, there are the men in Haute Savoie who are fighting heaven knows what horrible combination of French police and German troops, there are the men who wreck trains and ambush the trucks which carry the German soldiers to their posts; yet, still, there is childbirth and death—the men and women of the village follow the hearse past the monument to the dead, the coffin is carried into the church, the priest comes out of the church, the family stands behind the hearse; when the horse starts to move, the wheels sound in the gravel before the church and then the procession continues to the graveyard. There is still the widow silent in her grief. There is Marshal Pétain, Déat, Laval, Doriot, de Brinon, Monzie: there are all these people we have read about in all the countless books and articles that have been written about the disaster which came to France. There are the politicians. Yet, still, there is the postman, the schoolmaster, the children. There is General de Gaulle, General Giraud, Mr. Robert Murphy, Mr. Walter Lippmann, Secretary Knox, Secretary Hull, Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt. Yet, still, there are the uncounted poor in France, the tired and the hungry. Yet, still, there are the aged people who have everything confused in their minds:—1870, 1914, 1940—the children who have known nothing but their parents' grief.

There are General de Gaulle's men in England and his ships and men in the Atlantic and in the Pacific and the men of his who came up from Lake Chad and who fight now in North Africa. There are General Giraud's men who are fighting at our side in North Africa. There are the sailors of the Richelieu which is being repaired in New York and some of them have joined de Gaulle, some have remained with their ship, some of them are in custody on Ellis Island. There are Admiral Robert's people in Martinique who are doing nothing at all and there are also the French battleships anchored, undamaged and unused, in Alexandria.

There is no longer any French Government.

Vichy is dead. There is no French Government in France. There is, certainly, no French Government in London. There is no French Government in North Africa. No one inside France can receive a freely granted mandate to speak for France, to contract and give orders in the name of France. No one outside France can speak in France's name. The mandate given by the French people has lapsed. There is no government and there can be none until the French masses install one.

That is why, outside of France, there can only be volunteers in the fight to free France once again. The Gaullists are volunteers. General Giraud is a volunteer.

The effort of these volunteers outside France complements the efforts made by volunteers—the underground—with France. There can be no government outside France giving orders to men within France. When France is freed there will be a general election to determine the form of government under which she will live. The Gaullists inside and outside France represent a perfectly definite effort to influence the outcome of the election. Their action is legitimate. It is only when they appear at times to think that the process of the election is already complete, and the returns all in, that their claims become unacceptable. General Giraud represents an effort to influence the election. Every volunteer outside France has the perfect right to hope that France will be rebuilt on the pattern of his convictions. He has no right however to constitute a republican army of Brunswick. He has no right to forget that his is but one voice in the debate: he has no right to reenter France with his pockets stuffed with the lists of those he intends to proscribe.

It is an unpopular thing to say but it is well to remember that we know very little indeed about the political opinions of the French electorate. We know that all French men and women wish the German army of occupation expelled from France. But that is about all we know. We do not know what people think who have suffered as the French have suffered. We do not know what the French prisoners think who have suffered in Germany. We know only that the French in France want freedom to determine some system which shall put an end to starvation and to misery. We do not know at all what the silent masses in the cities, in the provinces are thinking. Only the words of a few leaders reach us, only the action of a few brave men are known to us.

De Gaulle's war, Giraud's war, our war is against the German army. We are not associated either with a French revolutionary war or with a French attempt at counter-revolution. Our government has proclaimed the right of the French people to decide their future for themselves in freedom. We mean exactly what we say.

C. G. PAULDING.

What Hunger Does

The physical and psychological effects of inadequate nourishment.

By James Wood Johnson

SEEN from the point of view of psychologists, war is in itself a traumatic event. It often happens that as the result of some traumatic event (an accident, for example) which has shaken the very basis of a person's life, a man or a woman becomes apathetic to the point of renouncing interest in the present and the future, all thoughts and faculties being fixed upon the past.

Such unfortunates may not be, strictly speaking, neurotics, but their value to society is greatly diminished by their lack of active participation in the life of the present. Above all their value for their families is greatly lowered. Their children, although living in the family, cannot be considered as having a family in the full sense of the word.

Given the total character of the present war in Europe, including privations and more rigorous changes in way of life for whole civilian populations than in preceding wars, with evacuations, mass deportations, and severe restrictions, it must be recognized that the number of persons in Europe who have become thus apathetic can only be estimated in millions.

To the families of these millions must be added the millions of families whose fathers have been killed in war or who have for long years been prisoners of war. The condition of the families of war prisoners is aggravated by the fact that in invaded countries the normal support of local governmental agencies cannot be assured. The mother, who becomes the head of the family, takes the father's place and is constantly absent from home, leaving the children much upon their own resources.

The families not deprived of the father are nevertheless deeply affected by conditions in Europe. Mothers have to spend endless hours in food lines to obtain the little that starvation rations allow for their children. Their absence from home, coupled with the constant interruptions in school life, plays an important rôle in the life of children who are being deprived of sufficient parental attention.

As the result of accidents of war—grave wounds or deaths in the family—there is still another category of persons who are true neurotics. This category, with memories still obsessed by the accident, has no real bond with the present life about it. Neurosis is asocial, and so these people, total-

ing hundreds of thousands if not millions, add little or nothing to the life of society or to the welfare of their families.

Considering all of the preceding categories of persons in Europe, and all the millions involved, we see a process of weakening and disintegration of the family, the natural collective formation that is the basis for European civilization.

The condition of families in America, in spite of the absence of many mothers in war work, is far better than that of even the most fortunate European families, because here we have enough to eat, our homes are comparatively well heated, and we still enjoy the liberty of our institutions. Yet even here, after a short period of war, juvenile delinquency, thanks to lack of parental care, has already risen sharply in the larger cities. In New York, for example, commitments to reform schools have increased over sixty percent. Theater owners complain of vandalism by children, and teachers in public schools have been stoned and beaten by their pupils. If these results are already visible here under much more favorable conditions than in Europe, we can understand what is happening there.

Food

The process of the breakdown of the European family might be gradual if it were not being greatly accelerated by the lack of food. The parents, unable to live up to their duty to supply enough food to their children, find themselves unable to maintain their authority over the children. This is a factor of vital importance, since parents by their authority are the arbiters of the consciences of their children and thus form in their minds conceptions of the value of civilization. As children are primitive beings having no formed consciences of their own, left to themselves they seek only to satisfy primitive and selfish needs—and especially the need to eat, which European conditions unfortunately deny.

Deprived of the normal protection of the family, children wish to act independently of the family. The will of a single child, however, is too weak for him to risk action alone. Collective impulses are the only ones possible for him. Thus he turns to other children and together they form groups which can act, for the combined wills take

on fearlessness and power. Such groups are united by the uniformity of the conditions of life of all their members, because in the homes of none of them can satisfaction be found for their hunger. This collective grouping produces in turn a conformism of psychic acts.

These child groups or gangs, aided by common misery and hunger, have the tendency to grow in size and to become a permanent form of collective life. They transform the individualistic psychology of the child's family into the violent and primitive psychology of the crowd.

In Spain, where I made an extended investigation of the effects of progressive starvation upon children, because they were an example of what was to happen later to all the children of the occupied countries, I found gang life already highly developed. Many a time when I took a piece of chocolate out of my pocket to give it to a lone waif of five or six I suddenly found myself surrounded by fifty or sixty children, pulling at my coat, holding out their hands, pleading for a share of chocolate. Naturally I always gave them all that I had with me; and it was later that Spanish friends told me that it was just as well that I was able to show that I had given all.

They described such cases as this. A man walking along the street is stopped by a boy or girl of ten, who asks him, quite politely, for the package of food he is carrying. When the man tries to wave the child off, the child's tone becomes menacing.

"I think you'd better give it to me," is all that has to be said, for then the man knows that this means that behind walls and fences there are hiding twenty or thirty children who will jump on him and bite and scratch him if he refuses to give up the food.

It is also known that the children frequently "ride the rods" in order to meet in bands in regions where word has been passed along to them that a little food can be begged or stolen from farmers. This phenomenon was recently mentioned in reports from Belgium, but it is also common to other occupied countries.

Many French mothers also informed me that it had become necessary to lock up the food rations in closets out of the reach of the children. When the influence of the gang becomes stronger than that of the family, the children do not hesitate to rob their own parents of food to give it to other members of their gang.

Groups of children in Spain often used to sing a little song when they begged, to the effect that no one cared any more what became of them. They themselves realized that they had lost the salutary protection of the family.

As long ago as the spring of 1941 I heard constant reports of the alarming increase in child criminality among French children from officials

of the French Red Cross in Lyons. There is little doubt that such criminality would be more openly bold if it were not restrained by nazi terror methods.

It must not be thought that the roving bands of children are composed primarily of children of the very poor. They are of all types, since all of them are hungry. In each band there is always a leader, who is the strong one, and he is usually the child of a fatherless family.

The psychology of it

The individual in a primary crowd acquires, according to Gustave Le Bon, a feeling of invincible power permitting him to follow instincts which by himself he would restrain. He will follow them the more readily because the crowd, being anonymous, is irresponsible. Freud says that the individual in crowd formation finds himself in conditions which permit him to relax the repression of his worst subconscious tendencies. Thus the conscious personality is submerged and orientated by suggestion and contagion toward the feelings and ideas of the crowd. A man descends several degrees in the mental scale when he becomes part of the crowd. The child crowd must therefore be recognized as a low ebb in collective formations. Being composed of more primitive minds than the adult crowd, it is naturally of a much more barbarian character.

Child gangs, product of the disintegration of the family, are formed whenever children discover common needs. The more these common needs are vital, the more complete will be the common identification of the group. The most important common bond to unite the children of Europe into such groups is that they have lost what they loved most—the dependability of the family. Psychoanalysts say that the loss of a loved person or of a loved family group causes a bitter autohumiliation which always inspires an irresistible urge toward vengeance against the lost loved one or against the lost loved family, and not against the person or persons who may be responsible for the loss.

This urge to vengeance, which is being engendered in the children of today, will be paralleled in the post-war society in which they will have become the strong and active element. Following the normal course of such a psychic process, it will be directed first, not against the aggressor, but against the loved family itself—or, in other words, against the existing society.

It is essential for our own sake to understand the objective conditions of youth movements, which have been subjected to such an influence, and which can cause a great wave of paganism over Europe. We must realize what they mean for us who are defending a way of life that is based upon Christian civilization. Can we feel ourselves in

security if all Europe becomes barbarian and pagan? One single symbol of paganism, the swastika, has already answered the question.

The extent of the danger

Yet this answer is incomplete, for the extremes to which the youth of Europe will be driven, unless preventive measures are taken now to arrest the transformation that is taking place in their character, will be worse than any that Europe has known, because this time the future generations of the whole continent are being simultaneously subjected to the process which engenders the urge to vengeance and the cult of force.

No international police force can suffice to maintain the peace of post-war Europe if the coming generation continues along its present road. Such a force could not escape infection by the psychic processes of the youth movements.

Nor can the older generations be counted upon to control the tide of youth movements, for they will be near to complete apathy by the time the war is ended.

There is only one conception of what should be done to stop the process of disintegration of the European family and the resultant sinister effects upon the coming generation—the humanitarian and charitable conception. Only a program of food relief in the first place can be effective, but

even this will be too late unless it takes place before another winter sets in.

In the development of humanity, as in that of the individual, love is the principal, if not the only, factor of civilization determining the passage from egoism to altruism. Those neutral relief organizations which can be utilized to give personal attention and regard, coupled with the affectionate care of religious and charitable institutions in the occupied countries, can bring to the children of occupied Europe one essential element—kindness—which can still help to retard the release of primitive instincts, provided that it is brought to them while they can yet respond to it.

But the first effective step must be food relief. In our fear of the possible risk involved in relief, unfounded as shown by the success of relief work in Greece, we have become blind to the very real and infinitely greater risk we are running—that of failing to arrest the process which will drive the coming generation in Europe to extremes that lead to revolution, civil war, violence and the perpetuation of the present war in other forms over an indefinite number of years.

In other words, we must never relax until we see humanitarian and charitable methods used to save what is the basis of civilization—the family, which is at the same time the basis for a peaceful life.

Notes on Fascism II

Nazism created no new man,
but drew from the old Adam.

By Georges Bernanos

MY COUNTRY has been disarmed, delivered to the enemy by thousands and thousands of accomplices, who, knowingly or not, betrayed it, and by thousands and thousands of "good citizens" who kept proclaiming their wisdom, piety and even their patriotism, and who were for the most part fools. Because we too thought of them as fools only, we spared them, but it is they who, in their numbers, succeeded in breaking the strength of France just as the onslaught of innumerable insects ends by destroying an old and noble tree. It is with my country in mind, and its destruction through this process, that I say once again that there can be no moderate fascism, that fascism is essentially a reaction against any sort of moderation and that the dictators themselves have incessantly proclaimed this truth.

Some people will tell me perhaps that there still

exist men naïve enough to be sure that they know more about the "New Reformation" than does Mr. Hitler himself. Do not believe them. Such an illusion would have been plausible before the Ethiopian campaign, amazing once the Spanish business had taken place, but now, as I write, it is entirely inconceivable. My dear American friends, believe me that in speaking this way I am weighing my words. I ask you to weigh them with me. The universal crisis in which once more the world stands in peril of destruction has social and political causes—of course. But it is not in itself a political and social cause; primarily the crisis is a crisis in the individual conscience. Nazism boasts that it has created a new type of man, a creation which it opposes to the Christian type of man. But far from having created this new type, such men existed already and it is from them that nazism draws its existence, or, at least, its pro-

digious power of propagation. If I may be allowed a comparison, Hitler and his subordinates did not create totalitarianism any more than Lamartine and Victor Hugo created romanticism. Romanticism, also, was the manifestation of a crisis in the conscience of Europe; but the parallel stops there, for romanticism was a crisis in Christian conscience while totalitarianism is a crisis in a de-Christianized European conscience. Yes, long before Hitler had finished "Mein Kampf"—or even, perhaps, had thought of writing it—millions and millions of men of every origin, of every class and also, alas, I am ashamed to say, of every faith were ready to accept the New Gospel. Millions of men, in appearance markedly differing one from another, or even antagonistic, but who all of them had this common characteristic: they had lost faith in justice and in freedom, they had lost faith in man himself. To them the word *order* immediately suggested not that harmonious sweep and surge which Grecian art had embodied in innumerable symbols of stone and which, later, the Apostle Saint Paul carried in all its divine reality within his great and burning soul, but the idea of constraint—chains, barred windows, prisons, stakes for men to be burned at, gallows from which men could be hanged. Once again, these men from whom nazism drew its strength might think themselves divided by irreconcilable points of view. The conception which an ingenious materialist might hold for the salvation of the world differed greatly, no doubt, from that of the soldier, the doctor or the priest, but they all agreed on this capital point: the world must be saved against its will, salvation must be imposed upon the world no matter what the cost.

* * *

Oh, of course, they did not speak the same language. In attempting to rehabilitate and justify brute force, the theologian or the casuist has other arguments than those employed by the political thinker or the economist. Yet all of them were more or less contaminated, more or less converted—some of them perhaps without realizing the fact—to the principle that society can and must defend itself by those same dishonoring methods which up till now had been used to attack it.

The political thinkers and leaders approved the use of these means; the theologians and the casuists went no further than to make their distinctions and their excuses, but the practical result was the same. In admitting, whether implicitly or not, that the end justifies the means, one inevitably reached, sooner or later, the theory of legalized murder.

Dear American friends, in my unhappy country I observed the birth of this manner of man. I saw his kind spread and multiply with terrifying rapid-

ity. The very men who formed that "bourgeois" society in which the spirit of moral conformism had furnished French writers, ever since Balzac, with the subject for so many novels, were all of a sudden stricken with an access of violent cynicism, with a sudden and tremendous attack, an illness of cynicism comparable to that which a violent fever produces in the sick, and the Catholics among them were not less contaminated than were the others. The first of these crises dates from the Ethiopian war. The destruction of entire regions by a spraying of a burning gas—a method successfully employed in Australia to destroy rodents—the atrocious reprisals, the bombing which was carried out without any danger to the bombardiers, the immense quantities of material which were accumulated for months to use against a poverty-stricken people—a people not only without arms, but even without shirts—all these cowardly horrors merely aroused the ironical humor of the bourgeois young men, under the indulgent eye of the bourgeois old men. Servile adulation of the strong, hysterical hatred for the weak, spattered out from the consciences of these men as pus spatters from a ripe abscess. Each time—simply, for instance—that the unfortunate Negus dared invoke, at Geneva, the signed pledge given his country by twenty-eight nations, the gentlemen at Geneva found their hilarity uncontrollable and limitless. To keep a promise solemnly made to a Negro seemed to them the height of extravagance, and thousands of priests, betraying an unhappy nation, Christian for two thousand years, which had been evangelized by the Apostle Saint Thomas, and which had furnished martyrs ever since the first century, acted as a chorus for these miserable politicians. At the very moment when Pius XI was condemning political immorality and nudism, the Italian clergy almost in its totality attempted to justify that shameful war by means of a casuistry in appearance highly complicated, which one could sum up as follows: "The assassination of a Negro, even of a Christian Negro, is of much less importance than that of a gentleman who wears a decoration and who has a bank account, especially if the Negro in question is perverse enough to have slaves instead of being a slave himself."

In "Diary of My Times" I quoted a very characteristic page written by Vittorio Mussolini, the Duce's son, who was an aviator with the Italian forces during the Ethiopian war. I transcribe it again:

"I had never managed to see a big fire," he wrote, "although I had often followed the fire engines . . . and it may be because someone had heard about this gap in my education that a plane belonging to the 14th Squadron was ordered to bomb the zone of Adi-Abo with incendiaries only. We . . . were to set fire to the wooded hills, the

fields and the little villages. All that proved extremely entertaining. . . . No sooner did the bombs land than they burst into white smoke while a gigantic flame rose up as the dry grass caught fire. I thought about the animals. How they ran! . . . After the bombracks were emptied, I began to throw out incendiary bombs by hand . . . it was lots of fun. A large 'zariba' surrounded by tall trees was not easy to hit. I had to take very precise aim and I only succeeded with the third try. The unlucky people who were inside rushed out when they saw that the roof of their house was on fire and fled like madmen. . . . Hemmed in a circle of flames, four to five thousand Abyssinians died asphyxiated. It was like hell itself: smoke rose to

an amazing height and flames reddened the dark sky."

I would ask the reader to meditate upon this revealing extract. Perhaps he will find therein the reason for the silence maintained up to the present by high spiritual authorities, despite the fact that they are extremely well informed as to the atrocities committed by the nazis in this war. Just as Mussolini preceded Hitler, it was the fascist Ethiopian war, blessed by the Italian episcopate, widely approved in Catholic circles throughout the world,¹ which handed on its spirit and its methods to nazi warfare.

¹ Editors' Note: Not here, not in England, Mr. Bernanos.

In Action with Giraud

Reminiscences of the Foreign Legion,
the Riff War, General Giraud.

By J. Paar-Cabrera

AFTER THE DEFEAT of the armies of Baron Wrangel and Denikin, thousands of White Russian refugees poured into Turkey. From there, an endless stream of them followed the ninety-year-old trail of Europe's starving fighting men and eventually reached the *dépôts* of the French First and Second Foreign Regiments, still in Sidi bel Abes and Saida.

I had just been promoted back into the Foreign Legion from the Camel Corps as a Captain à l'état étranger, attached to the newly formed command of the entire Legion in Sidi bel Abes when the first column of predominantly White Russian "bleus," or recruits, climbed over the dusty trail leading from the railroad station to the town proper.

They were mostly in rags, or only partly clothed. Some wore only trousers, others only overcoats. I shall never forget one blond giant, with a mattress of a golden beard on his naked chest, wearing three distinctive and poorly matching items of attire—a shiny helmet surmounted by the double-headed eagle of the fashionable Russian Imperial Guards, a filthy loin cloth kept together by an enormous safety pin and a pair of knee-high and much cracked patent leather boots.

General Rollet, the first and only Commander in Chief and Inspector General of the Legion, who was later mentioned as a possible Emperor of Africa and promptly eased out of all positions of authority and power by an already weak French Republic, inspected personally the newcomers, asking, as the age-old use commanded, their names, former occupations and military grades, if any, and nationality. Very puny General Rollet looked, with his brand new gold-trimmed képi, his prominent nose and red spade beard, his slender and short body in a much washed linen uniform and his sun-browned feet encased in a pair of sandals, as he strode before the Russian giants. And the answers that he got sounded like a roll-call of the Czarist officer Corps: General W, Colonel O and so on.

That very day, General Rollet conceived the idea of utilizing the special skill of the hundreds of former Russian cavalry officers and Cossack troopers just arrived. His idea became an accomplished fact after the usual process of red tape, which, in this instance, lasted almost a year.

* * *

The First Cavalry Regiment of the French Foreign Legion was not all assembled in the same place. Various towns, principally Sfax and Sousse, saw its first appearance on the horizon of the French colonial army.

In Sousse the Berber Semites—so-called Arabs—apparently spent most of the day loafing around. And I never found out on what they lived, because nine out of every ten of them owned no property and had no money in the bank. They were to be classified—by the conditions of their garments—into two categories. One was composed of citizens of dignified bearing dressed either in European clothes or more or less fancy burnouses, who sat in the coffee houses, sipping syrupy and terrifically strong black coffee, smoked cigarette after cigarette, shuffled in and out of bazaars and windowless shops and eventually disappeared into latticed houses as silent as tombs. The other—and less pecunious Arab class—was rather appalling, but by far the more picturesque of the two.

In my very first week in Sousse I singled out a few of its members—men whom I used to see every day, on my way to and from the impromptu barracks. There was, for instance, a big pock-marked rascal with features pointing to a negroid strain in his make-up. This fellow, with Selim as his only name, stood, with his shoulders hunched, in the shade of a tree all day long and sold water kept cool in a huge earthen jar of a shape already old when Duilius's galleys challenged the sea supremacy of Carthage.

A plain glass of water cost a centime—a fraction of an American penny. A glass of water with a few drops of

anise essence cost two centimes—the price of six newly laid eggs on the Sousse market. Selim had few customers, was always thirsty and drank most of his wares.

One day a circular came, announcing, after a lot of administrative verbiage, that our dépôt was authorized to hire four civilian sweepers. The pay was miserly, but the hirelings were granted cots to sleep in and soldier's rations—which amounted to something, because the French Foreign Legion was spectacularly well fed, far better fed than the French and native troops.

I thought instantly of Selim. In my estimation he had everything to gain by exchanging his unproductive jar for a broom. But when I approached him on the subject, he just scratched his head through the hood of his ragged burnous and grinned, uncovering a mess of decayed teeth.

"Sidi," he replied at last, "seven blessings on you. I would enjoy the merkantj food—the rich food. The pay would be convenient. A cot I don't need, because I sleep well on the ground, and in the open. But, Sidi, why should I become a servant and lose my freedom?"

His freedom! Twelve hours a day standing in the shade of a dusty tree! But he was pleased with it. And he would not give it up.

Another Arab of Sousse just slept—in the sun, in the shade, in the daytime, at night. I never saw him leaving his resting place—a grassy patch, just out of Bab el Bahr square—except to hop like a big dark stork after some bedraggled negress, or some Oulad Nail dancer long past her prime—the only kind of unattached women who could be approached by the local destitute without danger of life, and without money at hand.

When that Arab slept, there was *always* a mass of flies darting over his face, entering the corners of his eyes, hopping in and out of his wide-open mouth; and he did not feel them, never bothered to chase them away in his few moments of lucidity. A big black fly was always poised on his upper lip. The life of flies is short. Was that particular fly an exception to the rule? Or did, for some mysterious reason, the lip of that Arab offer a particularly attractive perch to a long line of ink-black flies a half-inch long?

And yet that same lethargic native was the only human being in Sousse to remind me of the newly discovered catacombs, and to ask me why I, a Christian, did not visit them. Which proved that his brain worked and that, in some curious way, he thought each man had duties to fulfill, according to his beliefs and station in life.

I went to the catacombs the next day. They were, as they are everywhere else where the early Christians were subject to persecution, a poignant testimonial to a faith that was bound to triumph. The entrance was damp and unsafe—crumbling steps, a slippery ramp. In the scarlet glare of the torches carried high by a custodian and by my native servant, I saw winding corridors, ancient Romanic names carved in the stone of the walls. The prayer cavern came next. There were in it boulders, smoothed by the people who sat or leaned on them in the bygone past. Then the tombs, carved in the packed sod and the stone. The slabs immuring some of these tombs had fallen. Bones shone in the hole beyond. But I saw also two mummified corpses, without being able to make out, without a close examination which would have been disrespectful, if they had belonged to men or women, to old people or to persecuted Christians dead in their prime.

When I came out of the catacombs, the glare of the sun, the hot smell of the dust, the thyme laden scent carried

from the surrounding countryside by the wind, the pungent odor of the nearby sea, all enveloped me. I saw a gang of Arab road laborers—surly, slow walking, clearly displeased by their necessity of earning some money, and I thought how different must have been the men and the women who had carved the catacombs.

For the fact cannot be denied. The Berber-Semites constituting the majority of the population of Tunisia of today don't lack intelligence. But various factors—their anarchistic turn of mind, intolerant of any kind of control, and incapable of team work; the fatalistic and reactionary influence of the Moslem religion; the climate, encouraging laziness; the ease with which they were able to eke a livelihood up to a few years ago fishing, hunting, picking up vegetables and edible roots after no more than a short walk beyond the town's limits—all render them impervious to the Western conception of a laborious and progressive civilization.

The French fooled themselves with the belief that they had made Frenchmen out of them—Colonial Frenchmen, lovers of France proper and ready to die for her if it needs be. But the fact is that the Tunisian, like the Tripolitanian, like the Algerian, would prefer to swing back to the easy, unambitious and occasionally predatory way of living of Berber-Semitic populations before the advent of white conquerors.

All these populations fought well for the Allied cause during the first World War because, at that time, French North Africa was run by white settlers, and these settlers had taken the place among the native populations of the former native ruling caste, Sultans, Sheiks, Caid, etc., and therefore, according to local unwritten law, had the chieftain's right to expect and command a participation in the conflict of the Moslem manpower.

But these white settlers were small business men, professionals and farmers. As such they did not monopolize the local resources enabling the native to live without excessive toil. The later advent of the industrial era in North Africa upset this order—and the native, the Ksouri or villager, the Sabir or town dweller, even the seminomad and the nomad—reverted to the attitude of a surly watcher.

North Africa is a very, very old part of the world. All hope of changing and utilizing swiftly its basic trend of life and thought is as incongruous as were incongruous my first batch of cavalymen of the First Foreign Regiment, those huge Russians, mostly with flowing beards in Czarist Cossack style, looking very foolish with their tiny, mortar-shaped French képis on the tops of their massive heads, and astride, generally, grey-white and small native horses.

* * *

In July, 1925, at the end of a long leave of absence for wounds, I asked for my release as foreign officer in the French Colonial service, and I received the acid answer that my time was not up, that grandsons of Spanish Grandees were not entitled to special considerations in equalitarian France, and that I could fight the war against the Riff at the side of my fellow French officers just as well as with Spanish compatriots.

The next day I was transferred to the troops operating in the sector of Taza as commander of a mobile group, consisting of a company of Moroccan Tirailleurs, another of Tunisian Tirailleurs, a half squadron of cavalry, a section of mountain artillery, a hundred and twenty irregulars, a section of engineers and a section of orderlies,

commissariat soldiers, policemen and other non-combatants in uniform, pressed into fighting duty.

From the very first day, my charges did not prove easy to manage. The Moroccan Tirailleurs were frankly anxious to desert, if not to change sides. The Tunisians were even more anxious to keep at a safe distance from all flying bullets. The irregulars were strictly unreliable. The orderlies, policemen, etc., of the makeshift section were all men with a personal grievance and blistered feet. And the subalterns of all these units were reserve officers, shortly arrived from France, green in the handling of native troops, and trained in the trench fighting of the World War.

Nevertheless the task assigned to me consisted of the extrication of the garrisons of six posts, recently established and quickly surrounded and invested by the tribes, and the carrying out of hit, smash and run warfare, calculated to keep busy in their native mountains a few thousands Hayaina, Tsouls and Branes while the almost annihilated Fourteenth North African Tirailleurs, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Henri Honoré Giraud, received and mustered hundreds of replacements, and while the flying column of General Dosse took a much needed rest.

When I protested against this large-size order, I was notified—as if that did me any good—that the columns of Colonels Nogues and Simon were operating in nearby sectors. And I was given a section of four light tanks—of 1924 vintage, of mediocre value in France, and no good at all in the gummy Moroccan mud.

I succeeded in keeping my mobile group fighting, swiftly and steadily. I got a lot of efficient action out of my tanks until they turned to scrap. I rescued the six garrisons and I kept at bay the Hayaina and the Tsouls—who were no world beaters—and also the Branes—who were a nightmare. But when my task was done, I brought back only three hundred and eleven men, mostly wounded.

It was raining as it rains only in central Morocco when I arrived with my decimated *group mobile* in the camp of the columns ready to advance to inflict the main stroke.

I did not feel very well as my broken boots splashed and went up and down, dragging heavy clumps of gluey mud on and on, while the wind-driven rain splashed into my face and sluiced over my lifted overcoat collar and into the collar of my tunic. When I reached the center of the camp I nearly dropped. Which was no wonder, because I had fared on scanty and rotten food, and practically no sleep, for three weeks, and I had a hole in my neck, a five inches slash on my left forearm, and three cuts, two on my hands and one on my left calf. But somebody gave me a glass of wine and that perked me up.

Two short and brisk officers—I remember only the name of one of them, Captain Paloque—helped me to find tents, food and medical care for my men. That task done, I was brought to a barn-like house, abandoned by its native owners and used as a mess by the officers of the gathered columns.

* * *

By that time, darkness was falling with typical African rapidity. The rain was subsiding and the hills and mountain tops all around looked like the giant waves of a tempestuous sea. The chill of the Moroccan night was already in the air.

There were no lights in the camp, because, as usual in Moroccan warfare, the crests all around were thick with sharpshooters. Therefore, as I reached the door of the

house, I almost ran headlong into an officer much taller than I, who instantly roared a sulphurous Arabian oath, then, in an amazing change of voice and mood, laughed and told me that the bump had not harmed him at all, and that he was sorry if it had inconvenienced me. We together lifted the blanket acting as door, and also as a very efficient blackout shade, and tramped in. I saw, at my side, a tall, spare man, with a wet towel around his head, aquiline features, a long mustach beaten down by the rain and dripping with water, a gaping mouth, a slightly receding chin, and a throbbing, prominent Adam's apple. Far from a prepossessing figure, altogether.

As a matter of fact at that moment, wet as he was and still short of breath, the lieutenant colonel at my side resembled a giant wet rat as much as anything. The next instant we shook hands and I learned that he was Colonel Giraud, of the Fourteenth Tirailleurs.

Then Giraud removed the wet towel from his head. He got a dry one from a mess orderly, wiped his face, squeezed the water from his long mustaches, curled them up, straightened his shoulders and lo! He stood transformed into a thoroughly martial figure.

"You are going to savor," he told me, punctuating his words with bird-like forward thrusts of his head, "the best moulouia in Morocco. I know, because the cook belongs to my outfit. Was formerly in the service of the Commissary of Finances for Morocco."

We sat around the dining table. Amer Picon, vermouth, brandy and other aperitifs were served. Cigars and cigarettes were lighted. The acrid smoke of the burning African tobacco mixed with the typical odors of a French Colonial mess rooms, odors of spices and food coming from the kitchen. Of sweat, of polish and boot grease, of pomade and lotions. While an uproar of voices—raucous, vibrant, highpitched falsettos, the dandified enunciation of Parisians established in the financial who's who, harsh voices of Basque, Gascon and Corsican veteran colonials—rang all together, counterpoint, punctuated by loud guffaws of laughter.

"*Mes amis*," Colonel Giraud suddenly interrupted vibrantly, with the tone of an emphatic Druid of old announcing the rising of the moon. "Be still, if you please! Here comes the moulouia!" The cook—a big Europeanized Moroccan with a flat nose—was bringing from the kitchen a monumental bowl full of the savory and spicy stew.

A spectacled lieutenant turned to look at it and carelessly dug the burning tip of his cigar into a captain's outstretched hand, wrapped around a glass of Pernod. The captain swore sulphurously. He would have taken the lieutenant to book if Colonel Giraud had not interfered: "The accident, not willful, is justifiable. And, as a general rule, I wish everybody would adopt my system of counting five and thinking three times before going on a rampage of shouts and rage!"

"A very wise system, mon Colonel!" a captain surgeon approved.

The moulouia bowl was placed in the middle of the table. Everybody was clamoring for a helping when the nails holding up the blanket before a shutterless window got loose. The blanket fell. From the crests nearby it must have looked like a square of light, just the thing for a Moroccan tribal sharpshooter, capable of bringing down a hawk on the wing with a single bullet.

We couldn't hear the reports. But we heard, distinctly, the hissing of four bullets, whizzing through the window.

Two imbedded themselves on the opposite wall. Another ricocheted, and wounded a husky Algerian Spahi Captain named Mamady Keita. Then some of the officers dived under the stout table. Others arose to get out of range. A fifth bullet whizzed in and pierced the neck of a young lieutenant who was leaping out of his chair and slammed him over the table.

Two, three officers more spry than the rest sprang to pick up the blanket and to blot the window with it. The cook came to their help with a stone, which he used to hammer new nails into the blanket and the wall. Minus their target, the sharpshooters stopped firing. But, by that time, the wounded lieutenant had an elbow in the upset bowl of the moulouia. With the other hand he convulsively gripped the edge of the table in a futile effort to pull himself up.

We all hastened to his help. The captain and two lieutenant surgeons gave a glance at his wound, did not look very pleased with it, and decided to operate at once. A couple of minutes later they took away the poor shave-tail on a stretcher, Mamady Keita hobbling after them.

After expressions of regret, and a brief flurry of comments, we returned to our seats—and heard, like a peal of thunder, Colonel Giraud's deep-toned voice. His passion was such that it was impossible to make out what he was saying. But his long finger was pointed at the upset big bowl, at the moulouia all over the table cloth and at the big splashes of blood mixed with it.

"Mon Colonel," a well-groomed artillery commandant said, very gracefully, when Giraud's clamoring abated, "we understand clearly how fond you are of moulouia stew. But, did not you say a while ago that, thanks to your wonderful system of counting five and thinking three times when anger convulses you, you never go on a rampage?"

Colonel Giraud glowered at him, his curled mustache bristling. He opened his hands talon-like, grabbed his fork and knife and slammed them on the table. Then he threw his head back and laughed.

"*Touché!*" he said. "My friends, I don't know what makeshift fare the cook will give us now! But I'm going to pay for a round of drinks!"

* * *

The next morning I saw Colonel Giraud inspecting his troops. Tall, with his képi on the side of his head and his mustache bristling, he had a different word for every tirailleur. Sharp words for the sluggards, just scoldings for the inexperienced, praises for the deserving. To the recruits and to some homesick Algerians he spoke briefly of the life in their native ksours, or villages.

Thus, company after company, his battalions took shape in an orderly column. The tirailleurs shouldered their heavy sacks, fingered their hand-grenade accoutrements, got hold of their rifles, of their heavy and light machine guns, all well scoured and oiled. A small band lined up. Brass instruments, cymbals, the Arab ocarina, half of which remains in the mouth of the player who blows in it.

All smiles, Giraud shook hands with the officers who remained. Then a ringing, exotic and martial music sounded forth. The tirailleurs marched on, toward the mountains where the Branes, the Metalsa, the Beni bou Yahi and other redoubtable hillmen waited, gun in hand, for their coming.

The cracking of distant battle began at sunset. It lasted for the entire next day. Then, group after group, cap-

tured tribesmen began to arrive. They were a heterogeneous lot, typical of the Berbers and Berber-Semites of Morocco—some sturdy, scowling, ruddy, with reddish or brown beards, and blue or greenish eyes. Others swarthier, and thicker lipped. Captured members of the strange auxiliaries of the various confederations of tribes of the Riff and of the territories south of it came also—that is, blacks of the Negro sub-tribes who fight at the side of the white full-fledged tribes, but never mix with them.

I asked one of the white sergeants in charge of the prisoners' guards if Colonel Giraud had lost his temper again.

"Not at all!" the sergeant grinned. "The Colonel is always gay when the fighting is on."

* * *

This was the Giraud who, captured by the Germans during the first World War, succeeded in escaping and in joining the fighting forces of his country again, and the General Giraud of whom the Germans said, after his capture at the beginning of the battle of France: "We had to grab Giraud and with luck we did so. He was too good—too dangerous."

Giraud got away a second time. How it is hard to imagine, because his size and appearance do not favor disguises. But the Germans are not very clever in that department.

I wonder if now, in North Africa, General Giraud preserves his old sense of humor, which enabled him to get over his own failings and to overcome his problems so ably in the days when he was only a Colonel, target of enemy bullets in the Moroccan ranges.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

BEING suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, sent out of New York to wartime Washington, my readers, in this place, may quite naturally expect some of those "inside the news" revelations, or judgments, which column readers in general seem to consider the chief function of their favorite column conductor to supply. Well, I'll try to oblige; though the missions which took me, and for the present keep me, in the nation's capital do not, at present, figure in the most-favored news of the day, though they may blaze forth in headlines later on. What I now find myself able, or willing, to report, or comment on, are chiefly matters rather remote from either front-page, or editorial page, interest or concern.

Yet, after all, some of them are really drawn from sources "inside the news"—and the front page news, at that—in a fashion more literally true than much of the guessing, or hinting, or "slanting," of the "off the record" remarks, or the "over the cocktail" chatter, of the columnists who indulge (to their own fame and enrichment) the strange appetites of vast "reading publics" for such twaddle and tripe.

For example: what is pulsing strongly and unceasingly under the boiling and seething currents and criss-cross eddies, and rising and falling tides of the turbulent times,

are the tremendous spiritual and moral forces of which the world war, and the world revolutions, abroad and at home are but the outward and material results and expressions. It is quite true, and we all should be grateful therefor, that of late our more responsible daily and weekly and monthly secular journals are more and more devoting not only increased space—even while their paper stocks dwindle—but enhanced and serious editorial attention to those phenomena which, as Walt Whitman saw long ago, underlie and condition all outward manifestations: The religious and moral forces, both good and evil, which seem to be struggling against each other today on a scale only comparable to that unreported primal warfare in Heaven before Man was placed on the cosmic stage to play his strange and various parts in the drama of creation. That war in which Lucifer, Son of the Morning, strove against Michael, before he was defeated, and changed his glorious name for that of Satan, the Renegade, the Liar, the Idolator.

Such papers as *Fortune*, notably in its March number; and the New York *Herald Tribune*, one of the many dailies regularly using the excellent weekly summaries of important religious news distributed by the National Conference of Christians and Jews—that most admirable of all our generally too weak, and too few, societies in which Americans of differing religions may fruitfully work together for the common good things of our desperately imperiled civilization. The New York *Times*, also, as was to be expected of that foremost chronicler of the news, shows the same salutary trend. So, too, and perhaps most notably of all, does the *Brooklyn Eagle*. But that was to be expected of a journal, already more than a century old, which has never lost touch with its tradition of independent liberalism—in the valid, American sense of that much abused word—established by a long line of independent and capable editors and publishers. Walt Whitman, quoted above as a poet, was one of the first, and one of the most able, of them all. In 1846 and '47 he was battling strenuously against American isolation and "nativism," raging then in Brooklyn as elsewhere in the country, and chiefly directed against the Catholic Irish, then the newcomers to our shores, as today—in Brooklyn as elsewhere—it is the Jews. Yes, as today, in our land of the free, and our home of the brave, it is the Jews who feel the lash of hatred, even physically, and whose temples of worship are be-fouled and desecrated, as happened to the Catholic Irish of old. What a pity that so many Catholics are among their persecutors; for whom the slaughter of two million Jews in Europe seems negligible—some of them write to me: anonymously, and illiterately, of course, that it is even welcome news, which ought to be duplicated, and exceeded, over here. If anyone doubts this piece of "inside news," I will, privately, show such a doubter my file of anonymous anti-Semitic letters—and very much anti-Michael Williams, too, of course.

One such letter mocked even my name. "You a Catholic? You a Mike? Why, say, you and the Jew-loving *Brooklyn Eagle* are," etc., etc. The accusation of being in the pay of the synagogue, of course, was only one of the taunts. Well, I have always supposed that "Michael" was

Hebrew, and that Russians, Germans, French, Italians, and many other Christian peoples, as well as the Jews, and the Welsh, and the Scots, whether Christian or unbaptized souls, give the name Michael to their sons by the millions. Some of our Irish friends seem to think that Ireland, or, anyhow, the Irish, have a monopoly of the name.

Well, in my limited space, the prelude to my "inside news" from Washington has shut out the news, for this week. But it is of a kind not to lose timeliness by being reserved for next week—or next year—or next century; for it is news from that region, or state of life, where Time merges so closely with Eternity that datelines do not matter. Wait till next week, and afterwards tell me if I am right or wrong in this opinion.

Communications

FEED EUROPE

Bishop's House
Spokane, Wash.

TO the Editors: In commending your repeated pleas in behalf of starving children in the occupied countries of Europe, permit me to add another thought that must be uppermost in the minds of many. Is not the chief argument against sending food to the starving the fear that this food would at least indirectly help the enemy and so prolong the war and might even spell our ultimate defeat? Is not this still the chief argument even though not so explicitly advanced at present? It is true that the authorities best acquainted with the methods employed in distributing food in occupied countries deny that it is impeding our war effort in the all too few places where it is being done, and that it would have this effect if more extensively engaged in.

But be that as it may, opposition to feeding the starving, whether children or adults, is, at its very best, a case of worldly wisdom vs. divine wisdom. We are never going to cure this sick world unless we rise above the wisdom of this world, which as the Apostle says is "foolishness with God." We cannot expect to merit the blessing of God, without which the peace for which peoples yearn can never be realized, if we allow people to starve whose lives we could easily save.

We know full well that we ought to feed the famishing when it is within our power. God commands us to do so, even under the threat of eternal damnation (Matt. 25: 45, 46). But we refuse, foolishly making ourselves believe that by doing so, that by complying with God's command, calamity will overtake us. What a melancholy commentary on our lack of trust in the providence of God! And surely refusal to trust God is nothing short of blasphemy.

✠ CHARLES D. WHITE.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

South Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editors: Far be it from me to tell THE COMMONWEAL what they should or should not publish. I can but express a wish that they more often publish articles from the pen of Mrs. Euphemia Van Rensselaer

Wyatt. I would like it if her name was shortened. I'm thinking she should be known to her readers as she is known to the members of the Carroll Club, where she has had an opportunity to display her wonderful talents to the fortunate coterie of women who make up that splendid organization headed by Mrs. Basil Harris. Her story, "Those Were the Days," in your issue of February 26, reminiscent of the days when "Daly's was an institution," is so refreshing, so free from our today's horrors, war and war tragedies, that after reading Michael Williams's "Views and Reviews," Basil Matthews's "Bridge and Laboratory of Inter-Americanism," "America's Rôle in the New Europe" by Jacques Maritain, "Fu Yun," "Where Opinion Counts," "Break It Up, Break It Up," oh yes, "The Inner Forum," too, Paul Kiniery, Joseph Moody, Joseph P. Ryan, "The Lady or the Tiger," the book reviews, *et al.*, even the too few advertisements, I re-read Mrs. Wyatt's story.

Her description of old Daly's, the foyer, the old fire place; "Mr. Daly's monogram loomed large but graceful upon the curtain"; Ada Rehan as Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew"; a full length portrait—I see it all as if it were yesterday. Then too she brings to light again that master production, "Hamlet" with Edwin Booth: Modjeska played Ophelia, Roset Coghlan the Queen, Joe Jefferson and William Florence were the grave-diggers. A country boy, I had saved up \$15.00, \$10.00 of which went for standing room in the top gallery, back and far back. I guess that's the reason Mrs. Wyatt's beautiful story made such a hit with me.

JOHN CAVANAGH.

The Stage & Screen

Men in Shadow

MAX GORDON has presented this new melodrama by Mary Hayley Bell. It features Roy Hargrave, who likewise supplies the direction. Undeniably a real thriller, "Men in Shadow" holds attention but it is also apt to give you nightmares. One scene contains a demonstration of how to kill by breaking your enemy's neck after using a liberal number of rabbit punches to make that death a horrible agony. To die at the hands of a single identifiable man is the greatest indignity which can befall a human being. Dying in battle is like dying from a disaster of nature. As a form of death it is as tolerable as say, death by typhus. But to be subject to deliberate, direct, personal human power which destroys life, is to suffer an offense to the soul which searches out its nethermost regions. The indignity of thus dying is matched by the remorse of every personal killer who must feel inexorably that he has preempted Divine power. Having this point in mind, the reactions of Lew (Roy Hargrave) to his killing career are accurate. He is unstrung and terrified by his blood-guilt though he justifies himself under the principle of necessity. His portrait of the patriotic killer is superbly turned out.

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The saboteur movement in France is the theme on which the constant violent action of the play is strung. This is super-melodrama to be avoided if you lack a cast-iron imagination. (*At the Morosco.*)

Harriet

"HARRIET" has received extravagant praise. Moved I hope by no spirit of contradiction, may I be heard to cast a mild dissenting vote. To be blunt, "Harriet" bored me. The famous Beechers (Lyman, Henry Ward, *et al*) are shown as complete fakers. I believe such a portrayal takes liberties with the facts. Suppose, nevertheless, the writers are correct about it, still the attitudinizing of fakers who lack subtlety is not dramatic. It is tedious. And Harriet herself is worked to death. She marries Stowe, a pedantic weakling. She knows grinding poverty trying to rear a large family. By accident she develops a hatred of slavery. From it she extracts "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the most monumental sob-story of all time. "Uncle Tom" makes Harriet and all the little Stowes rich, well-dressed and a little snobbish. As to Harriet, she becomes the center of the world in which she moves. Once the President interviewed her. Her children not only love but admire her. Here is where I think the play gets me down. Harriet's every gesture and speech approves the excellent taste of her children, in this particular. Ah well, hold your breath, Mama's genius is at work.

Settings by Lemuel Ayers as usual are about perfect. The supporting work of Rhys Williams, Sydney Smith and Jane Seymour is competent. And of Miss Hayes, what is to be said? Blame it on the authors, on the weather, on me or on whatever you please, but she remained Miss Hayes to me throughout the three acts and eight scenes. I kept looking at my watch. (*At the Henry Miller.*)

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

STAGE

"A larkish blend of musical comedy, poetic farce and circus . . . a brilliant carnival." —LIFE MAGAZINE ALFRED LYNN LUNT - FONTANNE THE PIRATE An Extravaganza by S. N. BEHRMAN presented by The Playwrights' Company and The Theatre Guild MARTIN BECK Theat. 45th St. W. of 8th Ave. Evs. 8:40, \$1.10 to \$3.85. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. \$1.10 to \$2.75.	N.Y.'s 2 BIG HITS	"A glorious night for lovers of the theatre." —COMMONWEAL The Playwrights' Company and Rowland Stebbins present THE PATRIOTS by SIDNEY KINGSLEY NATIONAL Theatre. 41st St., W. of 8'way. Evs. 8:40, \$1.10 to \$3.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., \$1.10 to \$2.75
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Milton! Thou Shouldst Be

IF ENGLISH HISTORY is your specialty, you'll find a good slice of it in "*The Young Mr. Pitt.*" This elaborate reconstruction of the events at the turn of the eighteenth century is a well-acted, expensively produced English film. However, considering the exciting things that were going on, the picture is incredibly dull. Carol Reed, who has put some thrilling murder mysteries into movies, directed this story of William Pitt as if it were a pageant. As cinema, it has about as much motion and drama as a lecture on the period. Perhaps the main trouble with the film is that it is too much like a pedantic lecturer talking down to his audience as he carefully makes point after point in the parallel between those times and these. In several of the episodes one can supplant Hitler's name for Napoleon's and the speeches would fit very well. The story traces Pitt's career from 1783, when the young man became the unpopular prime minister, until the 1804 banquet in his honor after the battle of Trafalgar. This was an age of polished manners and decadence, and Pitt did much to make the English aware of their position and danger. Outstanding among the many fine performances in the film are Robert Donat's as Pitt, Robert Morley's as Charles Fox and Raymond Lovell's as an imbecilic George III. It is unfortunate that this production, which has been done with such great care, could not have been steeped in cinematic values. Those in the audience who do not leave before the picture's finale will find its punch line in the speech that Pitt makes to the dignitaries who are homaging him at the height of his career: "I return you many thanks for the honor you have done me, but Europe is not saved by any single man. England has saved herself by her exertions and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example."

Perhaps what we need more of in times like these is pictures with Abbott and Costello. Not that their new movie, "*It Ain't Hay,*" shows the comedians off in their best style, but it still has some funny moments and it provides good escapist entertainment. Even when they're not shining their brightest, Lou Costello and Bud Abbott manage to make their silly arguments and farcical contretemps an occasion for belly laughs. Audiences love the comedians and need the gaiety they provide. The slim plot of this film is based on a Damon Runyon story which Director Erle C. Kenton treats as a burlesque of Runyon. Umbrella Joe (Shemp Howard) even goes so far as to explain that he is carrying an umbrella only because he's a Runyon character. The main theme concerns taxi-driver Costello's affections for Finnegan, a horse owned by a cabby (Cecil Kellaway) and sometimes driven by his small daughter (Patsy O'Connor, a pert little miss who proves herself a capable actress). When Finnegan dies, after eating Costello's peppermint stick, Costello is heartbroken. So he and Abbott steal a horse for the cabby. The horse turns out to be none other than Tea Biscuit, the famous racer. So the plot winds up at Saratoga and is full of shenanigans—with the horse and Costello in a hotel room, and the horse and Costello on the race track. None of this is good Runyon, but it does provide an outline on which Abbott and his little fat friend can hang their puns

and slapstick. The puns include a long harangue about a horse eating his fodder on mudder's day. And the slapstick includes a lot of rough-house, chases and falls. Somehow Costello, in this film, manages to eat a lot of stuff—not only food, but also a paper napkin, a tie and one very large capsule full of horse medicine. Definitely not for the squeamish.

I should like to call your attention to an excellent hour-long documentary film that is now being released in the United States. It is called *"Our Lady of Paris."* Its visuals consist entirely of beautifully photographed shots of Notre Dame Cathedral. Gare Schwartz and a group of cameramen shot the film so that if the Cathedral is bombed a record will be preserved for posterity. The negative is in Notre Dame's subterranean vault, and one print is in the Vatican's archives. The camera in this case was able to include many views that tourists' eyes could not enjoy, such as details of the high arches, statues and gargoyles on the roof, spires, interior views and closeups of revered and priceless objects in the treasury. Although the photographers deserve credit for handling their cameras so well, the subject matter itself is mainly responsible for the handsome pictures. As the camera shows us what is Notre Dame, Reverend Robert W. Gardner, M.M., reads a well written commentary which explains, describes or adds supplementary information on the stunning pictures. At times this commentary distracts from the photography, especially at the beginning when Father Gardner pleads so eloquently for the French and promises their rise from their present state. It is somewhat difficult to concentrate on masonry as we consider France's plight. But when the narrator reviews the history of Notre Dame or relates episodes in connection with the building itself, its art treasures and relics, his comments add much to the camera work. And at one point in the film—when the camera examines a series of carvings of the life of Christ—Father Gardner drops his own narration and reads, from the modern translation of the New Testament, chapters that fit the scenes. This is one of the most perfect examples of the blending of the visual and auditory that I have seen in movies. As a matter of fact, the entire film is of great educational value to all audiences, but to Catholics in particular *"Our Lady of Paris"* is an exciting and inspirational experience.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

AMERICA, RUSSIA, AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY IN THE POST-WAR WORLD. John L. Childs and George S. Counts. Day. \$1.25.

THE LIFE OF JOHNNY REB. Bell Irvin Wiley. Bobbs. \$3.75.

FARMING FOR SECURITY. William B. Duryce. Whittlesey. \$2.00.

Taming the Russian Bear

IF YOU know the labor movement, you know about the fight that raged a few years back over the ouster of New York's commie-dominated locals from the American Federation of Teachers, AFL. You also know that

Professors Childs and Counts of Columbia were spearheads in the movement that ousted them.

If you know New York politics, you know about the fight that still rages, or at least boils beneath a surface calm, between communist and anti-communist laborites for control of the American Labor Party in this state. And you know that Counts and Childs again are leaders of the right-wing group that still sits on the lid of that boiling political pot.

You can well imagine too that both are familiar with every trick in the Muscovite bag. They have seen communism and Stalinism not just as theories in a book, or as lurid headlines in the Hearst papers, as in a distant and distorted glass darkly. They have seen them "in person personally," as actors on the same stage see each other, in good lights and bad. In particular they have seen them as the fine-grinding wheels of a power-machine that has proved itself, whenever it got the chance, as one of the most ruthless, unsqueamish little mechanisms that ever came steam-rolling down the pike.

But Messrs. Counts and Childs are not just viewing with alarm like any red-baiter. They seem to be intelligent, liberal gentlemen, sincerely pro-labor and democratic, and they are deeply concerned about the world that is to rise over the ashes of the nazi behemoth. They are especially worried, and rightly so, about the chances of war at some future date between Russia and the United States,

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and they have constructive ideas on how such a war can be avoided.

Above all, they recognize, as so few have done, that any kind of a decent, workable arrangement with Russia is a two-way job, involving concessions and faithfully-honored commitments from both sides. America, for example, must put her cards on the table and keep them there, removing all aces and wild deuces from her sleeve, and she must join wholeheartedly with Russia and the other Allies in the business of keeping international peace, not in the interests of Anglo-American imperialism, but for the practical benefit of all races and nations everywhere.

Russia, on the other hand, must prove that she really means to do what she promised England in the Russian-British Mutual Assistance Agreement of June, 1942, to wit: "They [England and Russia] will act in accordance with the two principles of not seeking territorial aggrandizement for themselves and of noninterference in the internal affairs of other States." This means, in short, that Moscow must break all connection, in name *and in fact*, with those branches of the Communist International now operating in most, if not all, of the United Nations under the phoney guise of loyal American, English, French or Chinese Communist Parties.

It is so easy to kid ourselves. The local fascists and reactionaries foam at the mouth and scream about the "nasty Reds," and their motives are so dishonest and the whole spectacle is so nauseating that an intelligent American is almost inclined to jump to the defense of their targets. But the horrible fact is that there is actually a serious element of truth to the red-baiter's raucous screech. For what the Communist Party is busily, and to some extent successfully, doing in this country is the same thing that we would be doing if we went to Russia and organized and financed a party of Russians to work for the reduction of that country to the status of an American colony—an idea that few intelligent Americans could defend.

Messrs. Counts and Childs have some constructive ideas, and we sincerely hope and pray that something comes of them. Meanwhile, we agree with them that if Americans really want to remove the subversive threat of American Stalinists, they must remove the even more subversive elements of social, economic and racial injustice that still lie like a blight on our fair land, supplying those same Stalinists with much more aid and comfort than ever found its way from Uncle Joe in the Kremlin.

Private Life of the Private Soldier

THE NEW HISTORY was supposed to be more concerned with the ordinary life of ordinary people in peace than with wars and politics. Yet here is a book dealing with war, and dealing with it distinctly after the fashion of the new history. "The Life of Johnny Reb" is a good piece of work, and will prove valuable to anyone who is already interested in the Civil War. It is perhaps too detailed and thorough for the general reader. It bears as its sub-title "The Common Soldier of the Confederacy," and Mr. Wiley, by consulting diaries and letters and idle memorabilia, assiduously gathered by antiquarian squirrels in the university and historical society libraries of the South, has painted a full-length portrait.

It is a portrait with many strange features. For one thing, we learn that the two principal vices of Confederate soldiers were gambling and swearing. We learn also of the

pitifully inadequate clothing and equipment with which the Army in gray generally had to contend, and we cannot help wondering how it succeeded so well with so little to work with. Perhaps the reason is simply that the North was even worse off at the beginning and took a long time to mobilize its superior resources. As far as morale was concerned, a great deal seems to have depended upon the economic status of the soldiers. The attitude toward their Northern enemies also varies from fiery hatred to the most extreme forms of fraternizing. We hear of a Confederate officer inspecting an outpost trench to find it completely deserted, and all of his men over visiting the Union lines for some friendly gambling. We also find privates swearing in their letters home that they would like to see every Union soldier killed with appropriate torture. Such extremes mark almost every department of soldier life.

But what is perhaps most striking is the highly American pattern which Mr. Wiley fills in with his copious detail. The inefficiency of the supply services somehow seems a typically American inefficiency; the struggle against impossible odds was carried on in a typically American way. And we find even this Army, with the leadership of such distinguished Generals as Lee and Johnston and Jackson, insisting upon electing its own regimental officers, precisely as was done in the North, and with almost exactly the same consequences. Those theorists who would like to sell us the idea that in the South there had developed a culture radically different from that of the North are invited to read this book. The economic evolution and setup did differ, but the culture was—and still is—strikingly the same.

Design for Living

FROM NEW BRUNSWICK in, the landscape on the Pennsylvania Railroad is pretty grim—a hodge-podge of dilapidated shanties, barren meadows and endless industrial plants. Visitors from the South or West find it hard to see why the noble commonwealth of New Jersey should claim the title of "the Garden State." Jersey is better known for its beaches and its political machines; it is maligned about its mosquitoes. But north, and to a lesser extent south, Jersey has as attractive a rolling countryside as found anywhere. And it is highly fitting that Mr. Duryee, the author of a sensible and informative book on the possibility of turning to farming as a way of life, should have served as State Secretary of Agriculture at Trenton.

Many advantages of living on a good farm come easily to mind in these tantalizing early spring days, when for the first time in their lives the great bulk of Americans are forced to submit to rigid rationing. And such an existence will appear increasingly attractive as we come to realize the limitations that will face us in the post-war world. Not many cityites, however, would think right off of the joys of spending the greater part of one's days in overalls or slacks. This is one of Mr. Duryee's happier suggestions.

Here are a few indications that the author has both feet solidly planted on the earth he so loves and respects. He is conscious throughout of the predominant problem of making both ends meet. Accordingly, he gives much emphasis to the kind of farm to buy and where to get the money. He suggests that the simplest type of farming is raising livestock on a moderate scale on your own grassland. The author raises enough corn and wheat on his

own successful acres to provide all the feed he needs for his poultry in which he specializes. He says that the following is a sound adage: "Every farm can afford to have at least one pig and no farm can afford not to have one." He shows how the roadside market can be intelligently utilized to supply needed cash and suggests dwarf fruit trees and the growing of nuts as feasible efforts. In addition to his belief in diversified cultivation and building up the soil generally, he maintains what biodynamists have held all along—that if there are ideal soil and other conditions for plant growth, there is considerably less danger of harm from insect pests.

Mr. Duryee's interests go beyond the manifold problem of successful farm production. He is enthusiastic about rural life. He takes keen interest in houses, landscaping, flowers and country lanes. Yet he is no romanticist. He insists that the rural community must provide "activities with a capital A" for young people if the rural family is to prosper as it should. Possibly he knows from sad experience the lure of the city for rural youth which is left to its own devices. "Farming for Security" is not a complete guide on the problem of going back to the land by any means, but it presents fairly and realistically the principal factors which are involved. Each chapter ends with a handy series of "Do's and Don't's." It is reassuring that the principal injunction of so practical a man is to settle on the land.

More Books of the Week

The Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy. William Gaunt. Harcourt. \$3.00.

Whistler. James W. Lane. Crown. \$1.95.

A POET and medievalist, Dante Gabriel Rossetti had concluded at the age of 20 that English art was to be renovated by a spiritual return to the middle ages. Accordingly, he gathered about him six other young men of similar beliefs and founded, in 1848, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. For five years they painted and wrote and argued, and then dispersed, having failed to convert Everyman into an artist and to recast the industrial order of England. All were still in their twenties—Rossetti, the animated intelligence of the group; Holman Hunt, the dour conveyor of moralism in paint; John Everett Millais, the climber as artist, and the rest.

But, as Hunt sought goodness in the Holy Land (where he painted scapegoats), and Millais turned more and more to hunting and fishing as a passport to commissions from the gentry, the magnetic Rossetti found other followers and launched a second attack upon conventionalism. At Oxford he attracted two undergraduates, Burne-Jones, a rather effete young painter, and William Morris, already competent as a designer. With them, and others, the pilgrimage went forth again, even to the workshops of the very poor, with Rossetti conducting classes for trade unionists and Morris moving toward socialism. Then a second cleavage and further dispersal.

Yet the somewhat shadowy idealism of the movement persisted. And each of the members shone or darkened accordingly. Rossetti, after marital misadventures, whirlwind disorders, decline, eventually steeped himself in chloral and died, a shattered wreck at 54. Hunt became a mere salt-crystal of a man as he trod the sands in Palestine, urgently painting for many years. Millais rose to fame and glory as knight and purveyor of advertisements

"Stalin's invocation of the Deity some months ago," (we quote at length from the review to which Vice-President Wallace referred in his Ohio speech of March 8th) "had more news value than the execution of a hundred hostages in occupied France. . . ."

"Of all the freedoms missing in Russia, certainly freedom of religion has had the lion's share of our attention. . . . The Holy Father and the Vatican have minced no words on this aspect of Soviet ideology. The question has even been one for British and American diplomatic action, and it undoubtedly accounts for the largest share of what popular reservations there may be in the United States against wholehearted support of our largest Slav ally. . . ."

"Our sources of information are few and partial. . . . None of these sources is the kind an historian would cherish. . . . There has been need for a convenient and eminently documentary summary of the present situation as free as possible both of venom and speculation. . . . Prof. N. S. Timasheff of Fordham University has given us [in] his **RELIGION IN SOVIET RUSSIA** [such a report], short, eminently readable."

"The Soviets feel . . . far less antipathy to Orthodoxy and its offshoots than to Catholicism. . . . The government has begun to realize that religion has social advantages. Officials have been much alarmed at the increase in superstition and magic among those elements in the population disaffected from Christianity. [Timasheff] quotes Yaroslavsky (1939): 'It is impossible to build up Communism in a society half of which believes in God and the other half fears the devil.'"

"The value of the Church in maintaining moral standards also has percolated the atheist mind. So apparently some of the Party are coming closer and closer to Maurras in the view that social order needs a church (in whose creed of course the elite need not believe). Obviously if you have to have Christianity, it is better to have a form of it you can control, bishops you can appoint, etc., than have to deal with the supernatural and largely uncontrollable Vatican. . . ."

"That the Russian Church is opposed generally to the restoration of capitalism is [a fact] very little understood abroad . . . [but] well-documented by Timasheff. . . . It can have profound significance. It amounts to saying that the Church in Russia approves of a great deal that has been done under socialism, has no desire to see restored the *ancien regime*, will totally support the present government at a very reasonable price—its being left in peace and free to exercise both its sacramental and apostolic functions. . . . In other words the Church as an administrative agency of the State again looms up on the horizon . . . Shades of Peter the Great!

"Despite this, Timasheff is . . . pessimistic about the future. . . . It is worth pondering his words, for they may save us from disappointments: 'The new cultural regime is pleasanter for the Communists themselves than the puritanical austerities of the thirties. Perhaps they will want to maintain it, and if they choose, perhaps religion will continue to enjoy not liberty, not even tolerance, but an easing-off along the lines of 1939-41. . . . But . . . Never forget that the New Religious Policy is merely a compromise, reluctantly accepted for compelling reasons, and contrary to the convictions of the government. Hence concessions are precarious. If conditions alter to the advantage of the Communist government, a return to the policy of direct attack is possible with perhaps a general imposition of pressure along the whole ideological front.'"

HARRY LORIN BINSSE in THE COMMONWEAL

RELIGION IN SOVIET RUSSIA,
by N. S. Timasheff, price \$2.00

SHEED & WARD • NEW YORK

for Pears' soap. Burne-Jones illustrated Chaucer, and Morris, after spending himself upon revolutionary activities, at last committed the rest of his life to the making of fine books. Yet all were somewhat less than the earlier hope—in the form of their movement—suggested they might be. This, in essence, is the Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy, and the basis for an excellent book by William Gaunt, English critic and art-journalist.

If weakness it has, the book is impaired by insufficient reference to Whistler. This, fortunately, is rectified by the brochure of James W. Lane. In but a few pages, aptly illustrated, he has conveyed the principal dates and achievements of a figure who never lost his intactness. Nor does Lane lose himself among the *personalia*—edifying or not—which so often distract the writer on Whistler. He adheres to essentials, so that, aside from a minor slip or two—such as insufficient underpinning for a credit assignment to Vermeer—his book suitably disposes of the *lacunae* in the other volume. Thus, between the two, one is again confronted with the lasting thought of the artist: that civilizations and climbers and the narrowly moralistic pass, but the artist remains, not merely to please, but to testify and thus renew.

JEROME MELLQUIST.

The Voice of the Trumpet. Robert Henriques. Farrar. \$2.00.

THROUGH the now realistic, now sentimental mind of a commando captain are recorded the inner desires and racking recollections of several men in his outfit as they carry out a suicidal assignment. The situation is not a new one: but the technique of annotating a mental diary through Smith, "the captain, the farmer, the gardener, the poet," is effectively novel. Nor are the thoughts of soldiers any different, whatever the shore of battle: the confusion of mobilization, the pitiful shortness of a furlough, the excitement of an hour's tussle with a trout in a country stream, the sight of blossoms in an orchard outside a house of one's own, the tangibleness of families owned or wished for, the very existence of a variety of faces, colors, feminine dress in a crowded street. Henriques touches a whole life, trampled into the past by the heel of the moment, with a style now prose-poetry, now verse.

People as part of mankind are important to his recorder and to himself; individual figures are considerably dulled by the inhumanity of their position. Presumably this is the effect the novelist tried to achieve. There are the suggestions of ideas, and these murmurings, heard dimly beneath the sound of sentiment, give substance to the shadowy narrative. Had the undertone been stronger, had the romanticism been more temperate, the voice of the trumpet would have been more rightly raucous. As it is, the style vacillates between such falsely romanticized expressions as "the machine guns still tapped gently with timid fingers on the pane of a frosted window" to the more vivid impression of rigid regimentation, the destruction of the individual, from the brain down, by the trumpet of hysteria, or propaganda, or nationalism. There remains the attempt to escape, to distinguish the personality from the automaton. The intelligent mind is torn tremblingly between the "do-or-die" spirit and the superior anger uncontrolled by enforced subservience which moves the feet onward. Between this cleavage, this duality which protects sanity, lies hope.

Smith the captain is truly a father to his men, a wise father who makes the best of a bitter burden. In the

quiet effectiveness of carrying out his task, and carrying forward his men, he acts in a manner which will be cited—posthumously—as heroism. The other part of his mind is not certain that the sons left behind, many still unmet, will not once again be forced to pick up their father's muddy boots and march again. On that intimated balance between the glorious and the forlorn rests the book's worth. This is apparently what the author tries to convey in the letters to an imaginary son which Hunt composes as he lies in the mud, part of him dreaming, the rest alert to feed a machine-gun: "This is a record which should be written for a son: a note of admonition, the picture of a culprit in his own pillory, a fragment of personal history, a comment of genealogy."

JAMES EDWARD TOBIN.

Tilda. Mark Van Doren. Holt. \$2.00.

THIS is a very simple love story, but it started off badly for me when I took an aversion to the hero. For some reason I just don't like the idea of a man who can stand for hours stiffly on a balcony as if he were made of iron. But Tilda was fascinated and borrowed a pair of opera glasses so that she could go up on the roof and see him better. Thanks to the glasses, Tilda recognized the man that evening standing under a street lamp outside her door, and when she passed his hotel the next morning on her way to the office, there he was outside the hotel, and he spoke to her. That is the beginning of the romance of the five days before John goes back to the army. But John Morgan's peculiarities do not end with his standing guard on balconies. He is also a broken hearted widower of only a few weeks standing. Mr. Van Doren has written the story from the easy end, giving Tilda's modest reactions but leaving the reader to work out the psychology of the young Captain who found sudden assuagement for his violent sorrow with unselfish, loving Tilda who had brought up two little brothers and comforted her own lonely Father. The story has a thoroughly New York background with a ferry trip to Staten Island and a visit to the ball grounds. One grows very fond of Tilda, but I think she is making a mistake this time in changing her name from Wyatt!

E. V. R. WYATT.

A Surgeon's Fight to Rebuild Men. Dr. Fred H. Albee. Dutton. \$3.50.

MEN are self-made. Years ago one of the junior surgeons at MGH confessed he could not comprehend Albee's success, he had shown so little evidence of genius as interne. . . . And here we have the success story, a magnificent one. Dr. Albee has been the outstanding creative orthopedist of his generation. He has not lacked vigor to carry his prowess. Here we find that he possesses the prose to set forth his claims with no false modesty. His battles have not scarred him. At the latter end of life he sounds gay, generous, philanthropic. Reconstruction of the wounded is his great message. EDWARD L. KEYES.

The Dickens Digest. Condensed by Mary Louise Aswell. Whittlesey. \$3.75.

PERHAPS the most characteristic feature of Dickens is his charming discursiveness. He is the most unlikely subject for condensation imaginable. Rather successful illustrations do help to preserve some of the Dickens flavor, and these four novels cut to one-sixth of their original size will give a taste that may send readers to the original.

The Inner Forum

Native Clergy Save the Faith

THE EXPULSION or imprisonment of American and English missionaries in territory occupied by the Japanese raises the question of the survival of the Catholic faith in those areas.

There are still some white priests of nations neutral or friendly to Japan who have been allowed to carry on, mostly Irish, Spanish, Italian, and German. But the Church's strongest support in the crisis that now rocks the Far East has undoubtedly been the flourishing native clergy so effectively promoted under the papacies of Pius XI and Pius XII.

According to the current issue of *Catholic Missions*, there were at last report 18 native bishops in China, plus 8 prefects apostolic, 2091 Chinese priests, 3781 sisters, and 860 brothers — working among 3,500,000 Catholics. Maryknoll's *The Field Afar* tells of 1,376 native priests in Siam and Indo-China, more than three times the number of white missionaries in those countries.

In the Philippines, where 80 percent of the population are and have been Catholic for many years, the Faith is safe in the hands of an abundance of Filipino priests. The situation is not so good, however, in the East Indies, where only 22 out of 889 Catholic clergy are native-born, although since 1940 Java has had a Javanese bishop in charge of the Vicariate of Semarang.

It is disturbing to think that before 1923 there were only eight native hierarchies throughout all of Africa and the Far East, four of these being in Egypt and Eritrea of the Alexandrine, Coptic, and Armenian rites; and four of India's Syro-Malabar rite. This in spite of the fact that there were 700,000 Catholics in Japan alone at the beginning of the 17th century, fruit of the heroic labors of Saint Francis Xavier. The reasons for this failure are partly political (notably the jealous power-politics of the Portuguese) and partly psychological (the prevalence of a faulty concept of white racial and cultural superiority).

Since Pope Leo XIII, however, the Roman pontiffs have pushed the idea of a native clergy with great vigor. Pius XI and Pius XII established nine more native dioceses (of the Roman rite) in India and one in Ceylon; two African bishops (consecrated by Pius XII in 1939) in Madagascar and Uganda plus a native prefect apostolic in Senegal; one native archbishop, two bishops, and one prefect apostolic in Japan itself; one Korean bishop and one prefect in Korea; one prefect apostolic in Manchuria; and three Annamese bishops in Indo-China.

CONTRIBUTORS

James Wood JOHNSON, founder of the American Volunteer Ambulance Corps, has made independent trips to Europe to observe the work of the American Friends Service Committee and the American Red Cross, and also spent six weeks investigating the extent of starvation in Spain.

Georges BERNANOS, well-known French writer, is now living in Brazil.

J. PAAR-CABRERA was for many years a professional soldier. *Jerome MELLQUIST* is an art critic, author of "The Emergence of an American Art."

James Edward TOBIN is a member of the faculty of Fordham University.

E. V. R. WYATT is dramatic critic of *The Catholic World*.

Edward L. KEYES is one of the founders of *THE COMMONWEAL*, and frequently contributes articles and book reviews.

Your heart is merciful - -

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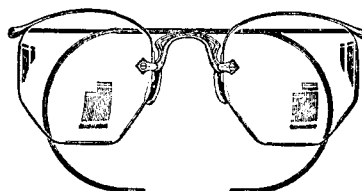
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SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS to The Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., President of The Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 West 17th St., New York, N. Y.

Ambition in the Spring

Judging from the flow of new readers and new subscribers **THE COMMONWEAL's** drive is continuing from Catholic Press Month well into March. Regular readers are urged during these first days of the spring to send in their three names of acquaintances they know to be keen on public affairs and current literature. This is the time your suggestion will do the most good, so send in your names today.

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